Tongue thou lyeſt.

OR, A

RECANTATION

FOR

writing that infamous, Libellous, Pamphlet,

ENTITVLED

Newes from the North:

OR A

Relation of the great Robbery.

VVherein is diſcourſed, the infinite wrongs which Maſter Knowles hath thereby ſuffered, and the Authors heartily ſorrow for it.

Written by the Author of the firſt Booke,
MAELLIVV YARB.

Enſe magis Lædunt infamia vulnera.

Printed in the Yeare, 1641.

Before I dare begin my Diſcourſe, I muſt ſalute the threſhold thereof with a pardon.

PArdon, dear ſir, my raſh, unadviſed attempt; for I profeſſe ingeniouſly, that I have wronged one whoſe merits are above Envie, and whoſe love to his *Enemies* hath expelled their hate; but that you might underſtand about what it is, I thus negatively diſpute: I will relate the whole ſtory.

It was my chance (unfortunate I) to write a ſmall libellous *Pamphlet*, entituled *Newes from the North, Or a Relation of the great Robbery*. Wherein I have mẽtioned one M. *Knowls* for their *Ringleader*, a man of as much merit and mercie as poſſib'e can live; for when this book came out, he was in the Country, where he ſaw how much he was abuſed: wherefore he prepared himſelf for *London*, and never left ſeeking, till he found me the Author out; which when he had done, he cauſed me to be Arreſted, & indeed might have undone me, if he had had no more good nature towards me, then I had towards him; for thus moſt courteouſly he uſed me, he wiſhed me to gaine ſome Gentleman of my acquaintance, to enquire the buſineſſe for me, he would bring the like, and at laſt, by them two it was decreed,

creed that I ſhould recant what was ſaid, and ſtrive in all that I could to make him amends in the ſame way, as I had wronged him; glad was I, that the Cenſure was no worſe, and as willingly I doe it, as ever I came from ſchoole.

Firſt, therefore I would have you to underſtand, that there is no ſuch man as *Taylor*, which liveth at any lone houſe, neare *Witherby* in *Yorkeſhire*, and therefore it could not be ſo: your pardon good Mr. *Knowles*. But there is an old *Hog-grubbing Raſcall*, whoſe name is *Taylor in Lincolnſhire*, as abject a villaine, as ever lived: *his Gold is his god, and there is no religion in him, but adoration to his riches.* I heard it credibly reported, that hee hath at the leaſt five hundred pounds worth of wood, which lyeth rotting on the ground: yet if a poore man, ſhall but offer to gather a ſtick, to heat a little milk, this old *Curmudgion* will not onely rayle at him, belching forth worſe *barkes, then triple headed Cerberus*, but he will alſo beat them, and moſt ſhamefully cut their *cloathes*, which ſhall offer to attempt any ſuch buſineſſe: it is thought that he hath at the leaſt twenty Cart-loades of ſilver, and yet is hee as ſparing, as that man which hath ſcarce one penny to helpe himſelf. If Mr. *Knowles* had bin the *Ring-leader* to eaſe this *Rogue* of ſome of his *moneyes*, as I live it had bin Piety in him; for I am perſwaded he would have done God good ſervice in ſo doing; for that would have bin a croſſe unto him, & ſomwhat make him forget *Earthly things, when he found that his croſſes & his piles were taken away from him perforce, and that he ſhould never ſee them againe: But this is nothing to M. Knowles, his abuſe, which ſhould be the theame of my whole Diſcourſe.*

Sweet

Sweete Sir, ſhould I be ungratefull, for the mercy you have ſhewed unto me, I ſhould loſe all ſparke of Humanity, according to the *Proverbe.*

Si ingratum dixeris,
Omnia dixeris.

For *Plato* (ſeeing an unthankefull man proſper) ſaid, that the Gods were unjuſt, in that they had loaden a thiſtle with fruit: Heavens therefore be propitious, that for the good nature I have received from this Mr. Knowles might in as much as may be, be requited, leſt his deſerts dye in my ſhame, and my ſhame lye naked without any vizard of excuſe: I cannot fortifie my ſelfe with excuſes ſtrong enough, wherefore I will take counſell of three ſorts of men that I might the better finde out my error, and prove my ſelfe to be ſorrie for it.

Firſt, Il'e take Counſell of the Lawyer who ſpeakes not as he thinks.
Secondly Il'e take Coanſell of the Phyſition that doth not as he ſaith.

And thirdly of the Divine, which oftentimes teacheth better then himſelfe leads, alwayes better then the people follow.

When I wrote this Booke, entituled, *Newes from the North*, I could wiſh that I had beene upon the frozen Alps, or elſe aſleepe here in England; but let me borrow my firſt excuſe from the Lawyer: I ſpake not as I thought, and yet am I full of blame, becauſe I have wronged a man in whom liveth ſo much worth that it cannot dye.

But now I could wiſh, that I had done as *Phyſitians* uſe to doe, *that is*, not to do that which I ſpake of, and then I had let this baſe *libellous Pamphlet* a-and had never abuſed a *Gentleman of worth.*

And I have gone juſt contrary to the Divine, *which teacheth well, though hee leades ill*; for I have both led ill, and taught no goodneſſe, *which hath made the people follow the ſwifter, who are prone and nimble after wickedneſſe.*

But now (*Mr. Knowles*) I am forced again, and a-gain, to aske pardon; for the abuſe is great which I have offered you: Nay, it is ſo great, that though I ſhould ſtudy to right you all the dayes of my life, I could never accompliſh it; yet notwithſtanding, your love and good nature is ſo great, that you have forgiven whatſoever is paſt. God enable me to be thankfull enough unto you for all theſe *kindneſſes.*

A Poſtſcript.

BE it known unto all, that Mr. Thomas Knowles, who is named in the fore-printed Libell, is a wronged man; for which I am enforced (though willingly) to recant it.

FINIS.